

the sportsman, as well as to the village boys who are
 allowed to ^{hug} come there in the sun.
 If you ~~have~~ ^{have} been in the moors yourself
 surely ~~not~~ ^{surely} understand why they are delighted. ~~any more~~
 than a boy who had never tasted gingerbread would
 know why he liked it. That they ~~are~~ ^{are} have a
 bleak & hares is certain; you must pick your
 way carefully for in many parts the ~~moors~~ ^{moor}
 are no better than soaking sponges, brim full
 of water. There is grass or ling on the ^{surface} top of the
 if you put down your foot, it goes, over the
 knee, in black mud; well for you if the other
 foot is ^{on dry land} ~~in firm ground~~. It is in these sponges
 that nearly all the rivers of Yorkshire gather their
 waters. There is a wide spongy moor in the
 north-west ^{corner of the county} called Dodd's Lell, a green
~~spongy~~ ^{fine green} moss, of which you certainly will
 not come with clean feet. Follow up the ~~side~~
 or the Wharfe, or the Ribbles, with very beginning
 & they will all take you to Dodd's Lell. Then
 you come upon half a dozen ^{many} slow, narrow
 runlets of ^{clear} brown water, not bigger than a roadside
 gutter. These flow one into another, & make the
^{nest} ~~nest~~ of the ^{small} ~~small~~ beginning of the ~~small~~ ^{small} fine rivers of the West
 Riding. You track one of these little runlets back
 if you are not afraid of sinking in the moss.
 You just see the water oozing out of the spongy
 earth which is too full to hold any more.

To trace a great river to its small
 beginnings is very pleasant no doubt, but
 you cannot do this every day, & this is not the
 chief delight of the moors. You know back your head
 & fill your lungs with the fine air; you look round,
 & there is not a soul in sight but yourself & your
 friends; your eyes brighten & your cheek is rosy
 & you are ready to dance about & sing for joy.
 Just

on our Spirits; that He is said whet-ter to a new life, that as natural men we are not his Children, though we are his creatures? All this is less serious - important; it is precisely what we mean when we say that God has redeemed mankind in Christ.

He means that He has not left us to the fleshly creature the animals, as cows & mules in the mire, as dogs that return to their own vomit; & ^{meaning} this is that we are inclined to be, & would be altogether ^{Barry} if He were not upholding us; & means that He has owned us as spiritual creatures, therefore able to draw near to Him because He is a Spirit; He has called us to His feet as His children; He has set us on our labours as His servants; & He has given us His Spirit that we may do all such good works as He has prepared for us to walk in.

We say that when a man arises & goes to his Father, & renounces his will, selfish, exclusive life; he gives up all thought of being richer or wiser or better than other men - even the worst & the lowest, he is content to be a sinner whom Christ has redeemed & brought back to God to his Father.

Spiritual joining this he will stand upon certain feelings of his which separate him from other men; - if he says, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, & therefore I am safe; or, surely, I love Him more than these; or, I think I know God the Father & the Lord Jesus Christ, & that is life eternal; - if he rests upon any feelings or thoughts of his own, however right they may be, he is not thus made him not better than other men, he is not a penitent; he is still a self-exalting, self-glorifying man; he has not been brought to feel that he is nothing; he has not been forced to cast himself wholly & absolutely upon the love & mercy of God in Christ as the drowning man clings to a log.

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just because you are breathing the pure sweet
air of these ~~and~~ highlands, & have the wide world to
~~your view~~ ^{as you can see it}. ~~Do not~~ ^{Do not} ~~imagine~~ ^{not imagine} that the whole of western
Yorkshire is one high table land. There are many moors,
severing one of them shelves down into a soft
green dale; a dale, because another moor rises
on the other side of it; ^{in a dale} it is a valley shut-in
between two mountain walls. If you climb
the slope on either side you find yourself not on a
hill-top, but on a great ^{wide} moor.
The rivers, ^{as a rule} have ~~land~~ ^{land} rather their waters
on the moors. Every river is always making
its way down; striving to reach the lowest point
it can find, until at last it ~~works its way~~ ^{always goes}
to the sea which is ^{lower} than the land. These
moor waters have not waited patiently to get to the
edge of the moor, ^{then descended by sudden leaps} ~~then poured their waters down~~
~~its side~~ ^{but they have cut channels, beds, for}
themselves, ^{solid} ~~that~~ ^{solid} the rock. The rock of which
the moorlands consist is generally of a very
soft kind, called mountain limestone. The
running water has worn it away, & worn it away, until
every little beck has made, in the course of
long ages, a broad deep valley, where there are
villages & towns, trees & green meadows, ^{not that the river does the work}
about the running stream. ^{the running water begins to carve out at once}
So many streams & rivers & becks are there
in this region, that the moor is cut-up in
all directions by the lovely "dales" of the
West Riding. So there is not one great moor,
but many moors, - like Rombold's Moor between
the valleys of the Aire & the Wharfe. (For instance, if
you might go far before you found more
beautiful scenery than is to be had from
the edge of a moor, where you look down into
a lovely green valley at your feet. Ray.

rather holy apostles against men. ¹⁹¹³ But every
rebel against ^{the} Lord. And Boreas, when the Holy Spirit
was poured out upon the apostles on the day
of Pentecost. His first gift to the apostles
was the gift of tongues, that they might take
the Father's message to people of all languages.
And ever since then the Father has gone on
sending messages to his children, rising
up early & standing, then Father that are near &
to them that are far off, to the rich & the poor,
to the saint & the outcast. The message is
the same, that the Father desires his children
that his Son has died to bring them home.

We are apt to think that God is our Father
because we are Christians, but that he is not
the Father of the Hindu, the ^{muslim} Muslim, the Parsee,
of the nations of men who do not call on his name.
This is a foolish way the child at home who is to believe
that he was his father's only son because his big
brothers have gone out into the world. What does
mischance of this kind of talk, then & then will answer
when we cry to him, for the Son. But how much
that the Father hears us only because we are
good Christians we shall not be able to
speak to him when we are in most need of help.

Days will come when everything goes wrong, every
man's hand is against us; we have sinned
& our sin has found us out. The devil comes
to our ears & whispers that God has given us up.
That the good man alone is the child of God.
Then we turn our faces to the wall & we dumb.
Why should we cry upon God when he will
not hear? Ah! but if we remember that he
is indeed 'Our Father' - the Father of all men.

Yes, of the ~~stupid~~ sinner, "of whom I am the chief".
Then we turn round & say, "Father, I have sinned."
& the blessed tears come like the heavy rains
in the solitary place of that poor heart-blossom
that is now.
It is my own answer, that God is called the Father

that have offended in this rebellion, as well by hanging them
up in trees, as by the quartering of them. the setting of
their heads & quarters in every town, great & small,
& in all other such places, as they may be a fearful
spectacle to all others hereafter, that would practise any
like matters; and, "you shall, without pity, cause all
the monks & canons that be in any order faulty
to be tied up, without delay or ceremony, to the
terrible example of others."

Very faithfully did Norfolk execute his Masters
orders, & terrible vengeance was taken upon those
who had joined in the "Pilgrimage of Grace," - so
this rebellion was called. Of the leaders, Ask
& others, suffered at York; some were executed
in London; Lady Kildesley, who gave her warm
support to the cause, was burnt at Smithfield.

James did Henry VIII. put down rebellion
in his realm, caring very little for the new
religion or the old, but only that he might have
his way, & might fill his coffers with the wealth
of the ^{happy} unfortunate Abbeys.

Not less cruel was Elizabeth in putting down
amongst the Yorkshire rebellion of her day, known
as the "Rising of the North", the story of
which is told in the "White Doe of Rylstone"
Some bad labouring people were hanged in the
various towns through which the rebels had passed; &
the leaders were dealt with even more severely.

But, as regards the Boston, the story of the
poem is not quite correct; Richard Norton & two
of his sons escaped to Flanders.

Romney, the head quarters of the rebels during
the Pilgrimage of Grace, distinguished itself again
during the Civil War. Cromwell himself sat before it for
a month, & failed to reduce it. Then he left the command
in other hands; & Romney had the honour of being the last
stronghold in England which held out for the King.

The story of the rising of the North is told in the "White Doe of Rylstone" & the story of the rebellion of 1536 is told in the "Pilgrimage of Grace".

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I say, count them as the streams, that
the moors are ^{frequently} ~~in places~~ ^{drawn away}
into long ridges dividing one river valley
from another. And you may stand upon
the edge of a moor, & look behind you over a
^{wide} long waste; & down at your feet is a green dale,
you may count the spires of two or three
village churches rising amongst trees with
no village street ~~& farm houses~~ ^{of the villages clustering} ~~fathering~~ round
them. You cannot see the stream, perhaps, with
over-hanging ~~trees~~. Then you raise your eyes, & look
across to the other side of the valley, beyond
the ridge which shuts it in; & you see another
ridge behind that, & another behind that, &
another & another. Sometimes five or
six long smooth mountain ridges ^{or fells} ~~stretching~~
one behind another. // Between the long smooth
ridges which stretch away out of sight is
always a line of deep black shadow: that is
all you see. But you know that if you could
get on the ^{fell} above it, that black shadow would
open out into a lovely dale with a sparkling
stream, beside which ^{are} ~~father~~ the villages where the
fair haired Goshawks bairns dwell & go to school.

This is the best of things that you see in
Craven, a very lovely part of the West-riding,
~~beginning about the pleasant town of Shipston~~
^{which} holding the upper valleys of the three sister rivers
the Wharfe, the Aire, & the Ribbles.

South of Graves, the long fells which divide York-
shire from Lancashire become more steep & have
the edges you see marked on the map.

Ln.

Average annual fall in the country is 30 inches a year; there is a gradual increase, from 20 inches in the eastern plains lowlands, to 50 in the western highlands.

The total length of the Ouse is about 150 miles. It is formed by the junction of the Great Ouse; its principal feeder is the Great Ouse, which has a much shorter course than the smaller streams, the Wharfe, Aire & Don. At York, it is joined by the Great Ouse. Then, below York, the Wharfe brings its full tide of waters from the western highlands; then, the Don, the longest tributary, brings the eastern drainage; the Aire then, swelled by its important tributary, the Calder, from the west; & lastly, the Don, with its group of feeders, Sheaf & Rother, Decause & Wharfe, joins the Great Ouse not far from the Aire. Thus we have on the right bank, Great Ouse, Wharfe, Aire & Don; & on the left, the Great Ouse & the Don. The district about the lower course of the Don & the Ouse is an immense peat swamp, extending into Lincolnshire. The Ouse is navigable for steamboats as far as Selby, from the beginning of the November, that is, the confluence of the Ouse & the Great Ouse, to the sea, is forty miles. At its widest part, the estuary measures five miles across, at Hull, at the junction of the river Hull, it is three miles ~~wide~~ wide. Shifting sand banks make the navigation of the Humber so difficult that practised pilots usually take charge of incoming vessels.

Cannons pronounced that the best way to take Yorkshire was to follow up its several rivers.